



IN PREPARATION.  
CHRONICLE & DIRECTORY  
FOR  
CHINA, JAPAN, PHILIPPINES, BORNEO,  
STRaits SETTLEMENTS, COchin,  
CHINA, SIAM, &c.  
FOR 1883.

With which is incorporated  
THE CHINA DIRECTORY.

A issue for 1883 which will be the  
TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL PUBLICATION,  
has been considerably extended, both in  
the Directory proper and in the Appendix. The  
ports in BORNEO have been added to the  
former; whilst the latter includes in addition  
to the usual contents, the Treaty between  
BRAZIL and CHINA, the new regulations for  
the overland trade between RUSSIA and CHINA,  
the Revised Consular Regulation for the  
Treaty Ports of China, Pilotage Regulations  
and other additions.

The ALPHABETICAL LIST of FOREIGN  
RESIDENTS will be again much increased.  
THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY  
contains the following Lithographed MAPS  
and PLANS:-

CODE OF SIGNALS IN USE AT VICTORIA PEAK,  
MAP OF THE ISLAND OF HONGKONG,  
PLAN OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA,  
NEW MAP OF THE FAR EAST,  
PLAN OF THE CITY OF CANTON,  
PLAN OF THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS AT  
SHANGHAI,  
PLAN OF YOKOHAMA,  
PLAN OF MANILA,  
MAP OF THE TOWN AND ENVIRONS OF  
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#### The Daily Press.

HONGKONG, JANUARY 18TH, 1883.

It is with sincere regret to those who take an interest in the ancient Colony of Macao that the long projected harbour improvements there are so systematically deferred. Dr. COSTE REAL, the energetic Colonial Secretary, has, it appears, succeeded in awakening a languid interest at Lisbon in the distant dependency of the Portuguese Crown, but no apparent effort is being made to commence any of the improvements needed to render Macao accessible to shipping, to develop any industries there, or to promote commercial enterprise. The glory of Macao has departed, and at present it bears all too plainly, the impress of decay upon it. But the port is well situated, and some revival of commercial activity may yet, with proper encouragement, be brought about. The condition of Macao a short time back was not less gloomy than that of Macao at present; but that colony is showing some healthy signs of recovery from her long inactivity. On the last anniversary of the birthday of King Luis the new harbour work at Marvao and the commencement of a railway fifty miles in length to connect that port with Huichil, and thence with the Indian system, was inaugurated. Marvao is most advantageously situated, but it has as yet presented neither railway nor telegraphic communication with any part of India, and for five months in the year Goa is isolated. The railway and harbour works are being constructed by the West of India Portuguese Railway Company, chiefly with British capital, but the Portuguese are heartily co-operating, being fully impressed with the importance of making Marvao a port in reality as well as in name. The harbour works, which include the construction of a breakwater, are designed to render the port accessible to steamers at all seasons and to the largest ships in the colonies. The principals were called before the Comptroller and Auditor-General with his usual cordiality, and the arbitrators simply allowed their acknowledgments. Signor Gori played the rôle of the chief witness, and the audience witnessed the warmest appreciation both of her acting and singing. As *Enrico Petrichi* sang correctly and with taste, but seemed to have lost his voice in his acting, Signor Lancieri, as *Dion* (*Hyperion*), did him a creditable service, and completely carried the audience with him in his fun, while at the same time the music of the part gave him a better opportunity than he had hitherto had of showing the capabilities of his rich bass voice. Signor Bertolini, as the young nobleman, contributed also towards the success of the piece, and the *Opera House*, where the performance took place, was filled with a general sense of pleasure.

At about half-past five yesterday afternoon a British man-of-war was signalled at the Peak as coming in by the Ly-o-moon Pass; she is supposed to be the *Andromache*.

At the twenty-four prisoners brought up on the *Accusa*, four only were committed for trial yesterday afternoon. The other honest Plaintes of Persons were remitted at half past three with their marks, for, and will probably be a little more careful next time.

We (N. C. Daily News) regret to learn from the *Tribune*, which arrived at Shanghai from Canton on the 13th instant, that all hopes are at an end with respect to moving the *Wu-tzu*. It appears that she now rests in two; the bow part had been cut off, and the stern part had been cut off at the side. Salvaging operations are still being pursued by the steamer *Whampoa* and lighters.

On Tuesday night at the Theatre Royal the Italian Opera Company gave Pedrotti's open *Fatalia*. The *Opera* was performed by a part of the present company in pictures, as well as by former companies. Signor Cloeck and Signor Abad, Signora Silini as *Dorotea* and Signor Paterno as *Martedì*, all appeared in the characters before, and the performance on Tuesday night was as follows:

Mr. Francis.—May I inquire that you ask at this point that the Act of Parliament does not apply to poisons dispensed by the physician himself? Yes, but the Act of Parliament only takes effect from properly qualified medical practitioners, and not from unqualified medical practitioners.

Mr. Francis.—Is there any legal qualification required in Hongkong?

Mr. Francis.—Is there any such a thing as a legal qualification in Hongkong?

Mr. Francis.—May I ask that the question may be referred to Dr. Clouton?

Mr. Francis.—I don't think you are correct in that, but in each case the arbitrator should be confined to what he says—the result of his own medical examination.

His Worship.—I think that is fair, and the question ought to be so limited.

Dr. Wherry.—I don't agree with you, Mr. Francis. I don't think you are correct in that, but in each case the arbitrator should be confined to what he says—the result of his own medical examination.

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## EXTRACTS.

## THE GRAVE.

Deep is the grave, and still,  
Its brink doth awful stand;  
Its wall of dark and sober hue  
Hideth unknown land.  
The song of nightingale  
Sounds not within its breast,  
And only on the hillock green  
Friendship's last rose may rest.

Bereaved brides wring the hand—  
Alas! their grief is vain!

The plant of nature's not;

No voice in heart aye;

Yet here is lovely peace.

When we no longer roam!  
And only through the gate of death

Man finds his native home.

Only where storms are hushed,

And tempests rage no more,

Finds the soul no biter here.

Pose, wistly sought before.

A MONAGHAN LEGEND.

In the churchyard of Brige Triough there is said to be a spirit which appears to persons whose families are interred there. Whenever a person meets with the spirit, it is to him an omen of death. In the case of a young man, it will appear as a beautiful female, who, after killing the victim, will extract a promise of another meeting in a month from the first appearance. The victim will subsequently fall into despair, die, and be buried on the day fixed for the meeting. Two instances are recorded where the alleged fate has been given. The spirit, which can change its sex, also sometimes appear at funerals, weddings, and dances, and secure its victims by dancing them into pleuring furies.—Illustrated British Ballads.

## THE ARTS OF EUROPE AND JAPAN.

The eye of the Japanese is as quick to single out, as his hand is dexterous to reproduce, the truly pictorial features of a landscape or an incident. But with these features he appears to rest content. The mass of incidental information which goes to the making of a modern European landscape—the difference of planes, the intricacy of outline, the patient effort after a combination of local and general colour—contrasts strikingly indeed with the few, learned touches by which a Japanese will present a mountain or a city. The Oriental addresses himself singly to the eye, seeking at the same time the maximum of effect and the minimum of detail. It may be an open question whether we should attribute the purely pictorial and emotional character of the bulk of these illustrations to the same artistic singleness of purpose or to a mere defect of skill. Whatever is the cause, I should say the lesson to be learnt is the same, and it is one which the art of Japan is particularly fitted to enforce. Pictorial art in the west is still following false gods, literary gods; it strays after passion, which is beyond its purpose and beyond its capacity to communicate; it too often addresses itself to other faculties besides the eye, or, if to the eye, then without simplicity of means; and in common with all our arts, it labours under the desire of the artist to represent, before all things, his own ability and knowledge.—The Magazine of Art.

A BYGONE IRISH MASSACRE.

The story of the murder of the Joyce family at Mastransra was disclosed at the trials in Dublin bears in some respects a striking resemblance to a tragedy of a similar character which took place at a farmhouse among the wild mountains of Tipperary in 1821, when a whole family, the Sheas, and their servant Kate Mubhy—seventeen persons in all—were murdered under circumstances of the most horrible barbarity. The Sheas had incurred the animosity of a man named Gorman, whom they had ejected from a farm which he rented to her mother's knee, to the mystery of the Annunciation; the sufferings of her maternal heart through her Son's anguish, and finally, pregnant with meaning above the rest, the grand scene of her Coronation, where her divine Son set on her head the crown, and raises her to a throne equal to his own. It is impossible, I think, to overrate the softening and humanising influence of this great conception on the lives and thoughts of the people of Florence—still less its effect upon their art. The devotion paid to this high ideal gave stateliness to the female figures of Andrea Mantegna, soft loveliness to the reliefs of Mino da Fiesole, and depth of feeling and expression to those of Verrocchio and Donatello. We are forced to admit that, among the many evils brought upon us by the destructive and revolutionary sides of Protestantism, none has been to great that which we have suffered from the wilful destruction of this enabling worship; and the injury has been many-sided, extending alike to our morality, our social virtues, and our art.—Academy.

## GAUCHO HORSES.

"An Argentine Naturalist" writes to the Field:—"For some reason, the gaucho horse manifests the greatest terror at an Indian invasion. No doubt his fear is, in part, at any rate, an associate feeling, the coming of the Indians being always a time of excitement and commotion, sweeping like a great wave over the country, houses no in flames, horses flying, cattle being driven at frantic speed to places of greater safety. But as it may, long before the marauders reach the settlement (often when they are still a whole day's journey from it), the horses take the run and come wildly flying in the direction, quickly spreads to the lured cattle, and a general stampede ensues. The Gauchos maintain that the horses smell the Indians. I believe they are right, for when passing a distant Indian camp, from which the wind blew, the horses drive before me, have suddenly taken flight and run away, leading me a chase of many miles. The murderers, having secured all the doors of the building, lighted the thatched roof and posted themselves round the house to drive back any who tried to escape. The unhappy Sheas and their servant were thus literally roasted to death, the ruffians, outside mocking the shrieks of their victims and firing their guns into the flames. For a year and a half, notwithstanding Government reward, the murderers were undiscovred. Mrs. Kelly followed the gang at a distance, until she reached a hill near Sheas' house. She then witnessed a horrible scene. The murderers, having secured all the doors of the building, lighted the thatched roof and posted themselves round the house to drive back any who tried to escape. The unhappy Sheas and their servant were thus literally roasted to death, the ruffians, outside mocking the shrieks of their victims and firing their guns into the flames. For a year and a half, notwithstanding Government reward, the murderers were undiscovred. Mrs. Kelly, however, having heard by secret, confessed it to her priest, and at his instigation revealed the tale of horror to a magistrate, the result being that Gorman, Mayer, and all the gang were sent to the gallows."

## A STRANGE HISTORY.

Seventy-four years ago Spain was barbarily bereft of a treasure that every true Castilian prized far above rubies. During the French invasion certain Napoleonic legions broke open the tomb at Burgos containing the remains of Eddy Diaz de Bivar, the Cid Campeador, and of his wife the Countess Ximena, emplanted the coffin in search of valuables, and eventually left the bones of the illustrious dead scattered about the floor of the vault in which this sacrilegious act was committed. Prince Salm-Dyck, during his lifetime Prince Salm kept the secret of this sarcophagus, which after his death came into the possession of Prince Anton von Hohenzollern, the King of Rumania's father, by special bequest. The strange episode in this remarkable story is yet to come. One day last summer, as Dr. Lausen, a German art journalist, was going through the magnificent collection of antiquities at Sigismundingen Castle, his attention was attracted by a small but elaborately carved stone sarcophagus, bearing upon its lid the effigy of a fully-armed knight and a richly-attired lady. Indriving into the history of this object, he was informed that it contained some relics of the famous Cid Rodrigo. Through one of his Spanish acquaintances, the Rendiciana of Toledo, he was shown the castle, and his attention to the knight and lady was particularly impressed by the whereabouts of this repository, and his contents to King Alfonso, who lost no time in preferring an urgent request to the Prince of Hohenzollern for their restoration to Spain. It is scarcely necessary to add that the Royal Highness readily acceded to the Spanish Monarch's wishes in a matter so deeply interesting to Spain from a national point of view. The bones of Rodrigo and Ximena, as we are informed, will be despatched as soon as possible to their native country, where it cannot be doubted that they will be received with every imaginable token of official respect and popular enthusiasm.

## THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN ITALY.

In studying the history of Italy—or of other countries, we well forsooth on the battles and political intrigues of the time as if these were the main and only important incidents, history, for the most part, contesting herself with chronicling "the stupid, languid and the evil deeds of kings and scoundrels;" whereas, in truth, the chief interests of the country was churning with quite other thoughts and aims than these, while every day brought forth some new beauty of painter, sculptor or humbler craftsmanship, a mighty army, chiefly untrained to war, before whose lasting achievement the martial successes of condottieri and their leaders were really quite insignificant and momentary. We are led to think of the age as mainly a turbulent and bloody one, when men's thoughts were given up to unscrupulous intrigues or luxuriant and brutal self-indulgence, forgetting the countless peaceful homesteads and the noble and unconspicuous lives of thousands of workers labouring in some field of art to produce for giving objects of beauty, which may be in use, but none that go beyond the surface, and mainly dealt only with the physical outside of things. The great image of the Madonna (Santa Maria del fiore)—the patron saint of the Florentines, who more than any other people, paid her dearest homage—is perhaps the noblest and most elevating conception ever attained to by humanity. The worship given to it is not in fact, though not in theory, was deeper and more reverential than that paid to any other member of the Christian hierarchy, not excepting Christ himself. In this supreme devotion to the noblest of all types, we cannot but see the germ of some due acknowledgement of superiority of woman over man in her greater purity and her keener sense of moral right, and of the difference due to her in her three-fold character of mother, wife, and daughter. No subject was so oft repeated, and represented with such loving care in every detail, as the story of the Virgin—life from her infant day at her mother's knee, to the mystery of the Annunciation; the suffering of her maternal heart through her Son's anguish, and finally, pregnant with meaning above the rest, the grand scene of her Coronation, where her divine Son set on her head the crown, and raises her to a throne equal to his own. It is impossible, I think, to overrate the softening and humanising influence of this great conception on the lives and thoughts of the people of Florence—still less its effect upon their art. The devotion paid to this high ideal gave stateliness to the female figures of Andrea Mantegna, soft loveliness to the reliefs of Mino da Fiesole, and depth of feeling and expression to those of Verrocchio and Donatello. We are forced to admit that, among the many evils brought upon us by the destructive and revolutionary sides of Protestantism, none has been to great that which we have suffered from the wilful destruction of this enabling worship; and the injury has been many-sided, extending alike to our morality, our social virtues, and our art.—Academy.

## AMERICAN OVERWORK.

It is a credit to Mr. Herbert Spencer, who

is not the least distinguished among the many

distinguished Englishmen who have visited

the United States, that he has abstained from

the usual conventional compliment, and that

he has told the citizens of the Great Republic

plainly that they work too hard, and require

more enjoyment. At a hard-work of various kinds the Americans labour persistently and unceasingly; and the man who lolls in a rocking-chair, apparently doing nothing except whistling or shewing, frequently has his brain on full stretch ahead some promising speculation. Mr. Spencer would certainly not be satisfied with such enjoyment as is afforded by theatres and concerts, which are only as plentiful in the large cities of America as in Europe. He evidently refers to simpler and more personal recreations. Athletic sports have undoubtedly made some progress of late years, but the climate is opposed to their development. The exhausting heat of the summer and the bitter cold of the winter are equally hostile to cricket, lawn-tennis, and football. But while precluding the Americans do not let us forget ourselves, that the Greek whose failing for beauty, perfect as it was, went little beyond the surface, and mainly dealt only with the physical outside of things. The great image of the Madonna (Santa Maria del fiore)—the patron saint of the Florentines, who more than any other people, paid her dearest homage—is perhaps the noblest and most elevating conception ever attained to by humanity. The worship given to it is not in fact, though not in theory, was deeper and more reverential than that paid to any other member of the Christian hierarchy, not excepting Christ himself. In this supreme devotion to the noblest of all types, we cannot but see the germ of some due acknowledgement of superiority of woman over man in her greater purity and her keener sense of moral right, and of the difference due to her in her three-fold character of mother, wife, and daughter. No subject was so oft repeated, and represented with such loving care in every detail, as the story of the Virgin—life from her infant day at her mother's knee, to the mystery of the Annunciation; the suffering of her maternal heart through her Son's anguish, and finally, pregnant with meaning above the rest, the grand scene of her Coronation, where her divine Son set on her head the crown, and raises her to a throne equal to his own. It is impossible, I think, to overrate the softening and humanising influence of this great conception on the lives and thoughts of the people of Florence—still less its effect upon their art. The devotion paid to this high ideal gave stateliness to the female figures of Andrea Mantegna, soft loveliness to the reliefs of Mino da Fiesole, and depth of feeling and expression to those of Verrocchio and Donatello. We are forced to admit that, among the many evils brought upon us by the destructive and revolutionary sides of Protestantism, none has been to great that which we have suffered from the wilful destruction of this enabling worship; and the injury has been many-sided, extending alike to our morality, our social virtues, and our art.—Academy.

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